Never Rushed
Mel - chi - or,
Cas - par,
Bal - tha - sar,

V1. Dark the night lay, wild and dreamy.
V2. Now, Lord Jesus, hear our calling.

Gold, and myrrh,
Incense, and myrrh,
Sad the sage, while
How shall we, mid

Mooan'd the wind by Melchi - or's tower,
Deep the darkness where we stray.

Pondering wearily, o'er the doom of the Judah's power.

When, behold the clouds are parted, westward, lo, a light gleams far,

Lo, a light shines down to guide us, where thy saints and angels are,

Now his heart's true quest has started, for his eyes have seen the star.

Now we know thy love beside us, for our eyes have seen the star.